


RURAL REPOSITORY



OR BOWEN OF LITERATURE

Embellished with Elegant Copperplate Engravings.

VOL. IX. [V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. AUGUST 11, 1832.

No. 6.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

WOUNDED HONOR;

An Eastern Tale.

It was night, beautiful night. The sweet moon was just majestically rising in the east, to voyage over the canopy of blue. The sky was clear and serene, and the last lingering tints of day, served to heighten the beauty of approaching night. Already the eye perceived no objects on the obscure plain below, and the silence was unbroken, save by the distant cry of a beast, or the mournful tones of a night-bird. Oh! such a night would the high minded bard choose for the inspiration of his lay; such the magic pencil delight to trace on the cloth. On such a night the contemplative mind joys to stray and view the mighty wonders of Earth.—I wandered out to meditate on the peaceful scenes in Asia and behold the once far-famed temples of the East; for, my imagination springs at tales of romance, and is charmed with the beauties of art. I love to view the swift lightning flash from the dark thunder cloud and dance over the arches of Heaven. I joy to wander at midnight, and gaze on the mild face of the goddess as the airy sprites play round her disk. Then, my romantic thoughts wrap themselves up in the beauties of nature, and spirits of happiness flit over my mind; I dream of joys that are passed and memory awakens my soul, for sweet are the thoughts of days that are gone. I strayed—the lone silence of the hour, the solitary place, the grandeur of the view, the sad prospect of a city in ruins, the pensive turn of my mind excited within me noble meditations. I sat me down on a peak of rock, that overlooked the extended plain—my elbow rested upon the ground and my eyes fixed upon the melancholy view. I remained not in this musing position long, ere my ears caught the tones of a voice, calmly raising itself above the stillness of night. I looked, and directly beheld the outlines of an aged form, surveying from an eminence, the dreadful ruins of Age. The body bended down under a weight of years—the time-thinned locks reposed in silver lines upon his neck and the deep features of thought were traced upon his face. ‘Oh remorseless Time!’ sighed he ‘what hast thou left of all that was grand? Invincible monster!—love, virtue, beauty, fall by thy hand, but I, a lone object of thy wrath, am left.’ He sighed and then con-

tinued. ‘Where now are the wealthy cities, the powerful empires that once flourished beneath me? where the animated multitude, that peopled these, now lonely deserts and freely roamed the now dusky plains? Where the high-walled towns, within whose battlements the noise and bustle of the arts, the clamorous shout of the feast, and the admiring plaudits of the ring, resounded.—The marble palaces, where kings rolled in pomp, the majestic temples, from whence arose the sacred supplications of a numerous nation; have gone and a few miserable relics are left as a memento of their once noble existence. All now that is here, is a dreary silence a sad and mournful remembrance.—To the crowded throng of the market, the stillness of night remains—to the echoing shouts of the gay, the sad wailings of lone birds succeed—to the life and show of the games, is left a gloomy grave, and dreadful tombs must serve for the stately thrones of the Great. Wild animals tread now on the once proud heads of kings, and venomous reptiles crawl in the golden-roofed house of the gods.—Oh man, Oh man! how brief is thy glory! how soon the treasures of earth disappear! Yet I a lone tree in the midst of the desert still grow, to hear of the desolation of others.’

The voice here ceased to speak and eloquent tears glistened on the withered cheek before me. The eye of the aged being was still fixed thoughtfully upon the plain and he heard not my step as I approached. For a long time I gazed upon his faded form, and the anguish of my soul forbade me utterance. Some unseen power rested upon my tongue and in vain I strove to raise my voice above the silence around. There was a charm in his aged and noble look, that exceeded all words.—With what inward sorrow did I sympathize with him when I beheld the withered hand brush the tear-drop from his cheek? With what feelings and emotion would I have addressed him, had not my voice denied its use. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘how sweet were the words of his mouth, what a charm came over my soul, it bid adieu to the mean thoughts of earth and held communion with spirits above.’ My feet now involuntarily drew nearer and I laid my hand lightly upon his shoulder. With a mild and steady movement, his eyes turned from the objects of his meditations, as if they were loth to leave them, and calmly rested upon me. After a silence of a few moments he assayed to address me, with looks of amazement and surprise, ‘Who comes, at depth of the night, far from the abodes

of man, mid the dismal ruins of Time.' 'Reason,' replied I, 'teaches me to find Knowledge among tombs and learn useful and sublime lessons from Ruin.'—'Ah! yes,' continued he, 'the grave has long been a pleasant thought to me. It speaks the language of another world.—Silent and solitary Ruin, exalts my mind above the mean passions of the Earth and fills my heart with celestial contemplations,' then, after another gloomy and mournful silence, again he began, 'Young man! the fire of your eye is yet too bright—the smile upon your cheek—still too gay; to believe the voice of the grave; but the testimony of tombs is true, I also once like you was young and beautiful and Myrah loved me as the idol of her heart—how all has gone. Oh the wealth, the power, the glory of man—where is it?'—The aged speaker ceased and the echo of his words as it reverberated along the gloomy walls of mouldering temples, answered 'where is it?'—My feelings could no longer be restrained and I gave vent to my anguish, in tears. After this sudden burst of passion, had subsided, 'Venerable father,' I commenced, 'interest and a desire for Knowledge, prompts me to ask thy experience and life.'

'The history of his existence whom you address is both simple and short. The incidents of notice are but few. The younger part of my days glided away as usual in pleasing dreams and visions of future bliss. The wealth of my parents, the liberality of my education, the brightness of native talent, bade me look forward to joyous scenes;—life methought would be too short for the accomplishment of my designs. But oh! how untrue was that thought—to me it has already been too long.—Why was I not, years since, buried beneath the mouldering domes of yon solitary ruin?—In the course of youth, just on the verge of manhood, I became acquainted with the young, the gay, and accomplished Myrah. Her look was love—her smile Heaven; but oh! her frown was a hell to me.—The brunette tinge upon her countenance, gave her face the appearance of unspeakable loveliness—and she was lovely—lovely beyond her race—her features partook of the angels.—But why should I dwell in vain upon her love-inspiring form, since she is lost to my sight forever! suffice it to say I loved her—once! happy mortal! could I boast that she loved me. Yet that love so enchanting, so sweet was destined soon to be broken, as the sequel shall show. To be short; in an unlucky hour for me, the knife of some desperate assassin, was plunged in the bosom of one,—my most bitter and malevolent enemy. Suspicion immediately fell upon him now addressing you, and all my former friends deserted. They, who had basked in the sunshine of my wealth, were gone; and I heard not their poisonous flattery. Instead of the smile and customary shake of the hand, all now was frown and mistrusting glances. God knows I was innocent of the crime—that my conscience was free from the stain! This was not all; willingly would I bear the frown of man and pass it over as nature herself, but, alas! the once cheering smile of her I loved was withdrawn. I gazed—a dark piercing frown mantled her cheeks. She cast but one single glance upon me—sighed adieu and darted from my presence forever. Unhappy wretch in vain did I attempt to follow her steps—she was gone, to see me no more. In silence I turned from the house, my heart was heavy and full, and the thoughts of a thus wounded honor, almost rent asunder my soul. Freely, as I said before, could I bear the

insults of men; but oh! that heart-rending frown, that disdainful adieu, 'spoke daggers' to my mind. I could sustain myself no longer, and the tears ran down my cheeks as a child. I proposed soon after sailing to distant lands to overcome my anguish, for the pangs of a wounded soul are severe. I wandered over countries in vain and tasted the sweets of the most fragrant climes. I beheld the renowned cities of the world, with their steeples, their temples, their beauty and their wealth.—I strayed to the cloud-capped pillars of Asia and stood on the marble monuments of kings. I viewed all that could cheer the sad soul, but in vain. Fugitive and lonely, all to me was decay. I sought scenes of joy and of peace, yet pleasure to me proved a grief. Wherever I roamed the frown of Myrah pursued me, and gave my lone soul no repose.—Then I bid farewell to the abodes of man and welcomed the sight of a tomb, mid the solitary ruins of age, I've passed these twice forty years, and in the sequestered retreats of these wilds I find pleasure denied me with man. By the fragments of monuments and pillars there is joy, and my soul delights in their ruin.'—Here the aged speaker ceased and I looked on him with tears. 'Young man!' again began he, mournfully, 'you'll see perhaps no more this frail and withered body—oh how sweet is the grave—how pleasant its magnified horrors.'—'God forbid' I replied, 'honored father,' and hastily turned my steps to my home.—

The evening succeeding, I again strayed to the lonely retreat and found the aged one still intently gazing on the scene. His body leaned against a rock, for the supporting staff calmly reposed at his side; his eye was wide open and the trickling tear still was wet on his cheek.—The usual dignity and thought still played upon his features.—But the bright moon, then just emerging from a cloud, displayed to my sight, an awful reality, as I gazed upon his face. It was calm, pensive and unmoved. He spoke not or breathed, his sore spirit had departed forever. 'Cold, passionless and silent, the finger of death was upon him,' and mildly he lay in Death, the melancholy victim of a Wounded Honor.

THE MASQUERADE.

'J'aime beaucoup la danse masquée : mais je vous avoue que je préfère les contredanses. On est moins remarqué.'

'Tis passing strange, my dear,' said Mrs. Manfred to her daughter, 'that an age so tender as yours, when fancy methinks should adorn the volume of society with a vignette of marvellous beauty, and a thousand other embellished engravings, calculated to entice the youthful reader; when an imaginary ritournelle should prelude the opening of its new and brilliant opera, that I find my daughter stoical towards all its charming allurements, reluctant to enter upon its boards, and fastidiously exact against an exhibition of her rare abilities.—Now I deem this downright prudery, and cruelty in you Julia; thus to disappoint the lofty expectations of kind indulgent parents, by whose bounty you have been initiated, and well instructed in those brilliant acquirements, which always confer such distinguished honor on your sex; and for what purpose? To ensconce them behind a palisade of belles, and beaux, that flutter at a gale, and to dignify the walls of an assembly room, by garnishing them with the tapestry of your agremens—Fie! Julia fie! Let me hear no more of this! What not go to Lord Rodney's masquerade? not waltz? and why? because you must pine your life away, during this

absence of Frederick in the cloister of your bed-chamber, with nought to console you but books, musical instruments, and drawing utensils.'

'And will not those suffice a rational being, mamma? To what purpose does Creative Wisdom, loan us moral and intellectual gifts, if they are only lavished on trifles? To what purpose is this display at a fete? Will it expand our minds? Will it improve our hearts as accountable beings at the throne of judgment? That we should cultivate our talents is not only wise but useful: yet there are many spheres unsought, to bring forth talents without being over solicitous for a public display of them.'

'But for what purpose are talents my daughter, if we are never *known* to possess them? If they are only elicited by adventitious circumstances, which if one lives retired, may seldom or never occur in one's life—Now, the accomplishment of music, how irrelevant is its cultivation, if one uses it merely for one's own amusement—and so is every other.'

'I differ with you in opinion, dear mother, for I deem them infinite sources of amusement, which give to the mind contentment and sweet repose.—It is only when they are ostentatiously exhibited for conquest or some other folly that I pronounce them ridiculous. It was this *pro bono publico* display: that elicited from the pen of the celebrated Madame de Genlis in one of her late works entitled "St. Clair, or the Victim to the Arts and Sciences," considerable satire on the subject which she wields with extraordinary powers—"It is not the arts that I condemn, says St. Clair, but what displeases me is the importance which amateurs attach to trifling success and insignificant talents."

'After all this logic Julia, to prove to me the fallacy of my argument in favour of a young lady's showing off her attainments to the greatest advantage, I will only oppose you once more by inquiring wherein is the absurd ostentation of a young lady's coming forward in the waltz when particularly solicited? She shows no eagerness to display her graceful movements, nor the finely chiselled foot and ankle—it is elicited by her partner,—and where is the impropriety? Why girl you are better qualified for Lady Abbess to a Convent than any other rational purpose in life.'

'O! I hope not Ma! I hope I shall be enabled to fulfil the duties of as many important, but less abstemious vocations.'

'But seriously, Julia, you must go to this masquerade, and you must waltz. You know a child should reverence the precepts of a parent—it is a sacred duty.'

'I am fully sensible of that, dear mother. It is one of the important edicts of Deity; the Spartans have also bequeathed to posterity an almost inimitable precedent of reverence to parents and old age. It is also recorded of the celebrated Theban general, that after gaining a signal victory which shed lustre on his name and country, amidst the distinctions and honours lavished upon him by his applauding countrymen, the highest gratification he enjoyed was, that an aged mother was still living to be the witness of his glory;—yet we are told by the Saviour to 'leave all for him, or otherwise we are not worthy of him.'

'But conscience Julia, does not oppose your attendance at a masquerade for once in your life.'

'For once in my life, dear mother,' cried Julia with rapture, 'will that suffice? If so, I acquiesce.'

'Seriously Julia, I will never more entreat you to attend a masquerade, if you will go but this once.'

'Then seriously dear mother, I'll go, but urge

me not to waltz, for I must not—cannot waltz—I have pledged my word to Frederick, and I dare not break it.'

'Well Julia, I rest satisfied with your promise to attend the masquerade, and I will urge you no further on the subject of waltzing, since you are so vehemently opposed to it; but I wish you may not repent this obstinacy. I think such a request from Frederick, savours somewhat of eccentricity, and I feel astonished that you should have humoured him in such a caprice—"Tis true, that your cousin is a worthy youth; that is, he is charitable, amiable, and erudite, but his experience in the *beau monde* has been so small, that his connoisseurship should not be relied on by a girl of your many attainments—and another thing, I wish to whisper in your ear, this seclusion of yours from all society will greatly mar your matrimonial prospects; and vice versa, a participation in its various amusements, especially when arrayed in the cestus of Venus and the graces, may greatly contribute towards establishing you handsomely. Your father's estate, which was at one period large, and free from encumbrance, has recently become much involved from unfortunate speculation, and our extravagance of living. This, we are fully sensible of, yet know not where to stop, or indeed where to begin with our economies—our respectability depends on our pursuing the same course, and I really do not know what we should do, unless our Julia, our daughter, improves our condition by marrying handsomely.'

Julia sighed, as she uttered 'I do not think that economy will detract from us in the eyes of merit.'

'There is Mr. Vaunter,' continued Mrs. Manfred, feigning not to hear, 'with £15,000 a year, if you would only try to complete your conquest—why girl, you will ride in a superb coach, and be the envy of all the dames in London.'

'But Frederick, mother, you know that to him I have plighted my early vows.'

'Think no more of him Julia—it has been a long time since he has penned a single line—something may have happened to him, or he may have changed his mind, and may now be wooing some fair American. They tell me the transatlantic women have numerous charms. He may never return, and Vaunter is an eligible offer, which I counsel you by all means to accept.'

'Oh my mother, for mercy's sake speak not of him, you know how I detest him; yet, you cannot know it, or you would not urge me thus. Can we resort to no other expedient to extricate ourselves from our embarrassments? O say, will not a retrenchment of our expenditures accomplish it? I have suspected for some time that we were living too fast—Let us vend our carriages, dispose of our jewels, give no entertainments, rent our villa, discharge our retinue of domestics—any thing, rather than marry a man I despise;—who feels no other sentiment for me, than the circumscribed admiration of what he calls beauty;—a perishing flower which the grasp of time will pluck from the stem, and when that charm ceases to exist, his admiration will cease. No! added she emphatically, clasping her hands with energy, never let a female marry the idolator of a beauteous portrait, unless she could lave herself in the fairy swan's pool that perpetuates loveliness—neither should she render homage to the man of mere opulence, for recollect as ephemeral as the varied hues of the rainbow, is the striking brilliancy of affluence—nought but intrinsic excellence should win the heart and hand.'

Julia Manfred, was the only child of a once

opulent merchant in London, whose revenue had been considerably impaired by indulgence in equipage, and all the luxuries of fashionable life, and who knew not how to disentangle himself from his precarious situation save by the settlement of this daughter.

Julia was a lovely golden haired lassie, with dove-like eyes, and a complexion so pure, that the lily and the rose disputed dominion.—Down her alabaster neck flowed the luxuriant tresses of this hair, that seemed to have caught in their grasp, the golden blossoms of the bright king of day. The tout ensemble of her face and figure, might justly bear that beautiful and graphic delineation of Alcina the enchantress.

'Her matchless person every charm combined,
Famed in the idea of a painter's mind;
Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets rolled
Down her fair cheeks, and shone like waving gold;
Her blooming cheeks the blended tints disclose,
Of lilies, damasked with the blushing rose.'

She was truly the *beau ideal* of feminine beauty; nor was her mind inferior to her person. Richly endowed by nature, she had assiduously improved her kindest boons. Indifferent to gaudy exterior plumage, while laudibly consulting both neatness of attire and delicacy of colour, she lavished her more peculiar regard on the more solid attainments of worth. It is the coxcomb only, who feels the irresistible attraction of mere personal beauty. Like the butterfly, that flutters around every pretty flower, without regard to its utility. A fugitive from one insipid plant to another, he at length lights on one more congenial to his own flippant insect soul—but the man of sense like the treasuring bee, seeks aromatic qualities that will lend a zest even after the aerial spirit of beauty has departed. It was for this man of sagacity that Julia passed her time so elaborately in adorning the casket of her soul, with brilliants calculated to sparkle as gems in the diadem of mercy. Whilst the fashionable fair chambrillon exhausted her strength, wasted her time and money, at a succession of routes and assemblies, her scientific lucubrations were performed by the domestic fire-side, in the midst of that

'Enchanting circle, the fairy ring of bliss,'

composed of her honored parents and her able instructor, the magnanimous Frederick. Thus the germ, kindly planted in the soil of her intellect by competent teachers, fostered and cherished by care and affection, expanded its petals into the full blown blossoms of cultivation.

Among the numerous admirers that swelled the cortege of the fair Julia, no one attracted her decisive attention, save Frederick, the youth referred to in the preceding *tete a-tete*. He was her cousin German, who had been reared in the counting house of her father, and for whom until within a few months anterior, she had never professed more than a sisterly regard.

The manly graces of Frederick were such, that few who had ever seen, could ever forget—for they made an indelible impression on the heart. His hair belonged to the Xanthous, that indefinite colour, between black and white, which is neither strictly brown, nor auburn, nor chesnut, but composed of a shade, so nearly resembling all three, as to be pronounced either, or neither by different tastes and opinions. His eye of a penetrating black, beamed frankness and intelligence; an expression that casts over the physiognomy, that indefinable charm which all may feel, but few are adequate to describe. The contour of his features was symmetrically classical—yet his mind was the chief orna-

ment, and it was from this source that Julia Manfred had derived most of her instruction. Accustomed from childhood to mutual confidence and endearment, they sought the society of each other;—yet as revolving years brought them to maturity, Julia became cautious and timid, whilst Frederick essayed though in vain to assume dignity and composure of demeanor.

He began at length to reflect painfully on this theme, and to analyze closely his feelings with respect to Julia—she was connected to him by the closest ties of consanguinity and affection. She too was indigent as himself—he knew too well the state of his uncle's finances, not to be aware of this fact—what was he to do? and how should an honorable minded man act in such a dilemma!

This brief question was speedily answered—It required but a few moments of deliberation. Prompt in all his movements, after efficient philosophical investigation, Frederick executed, as soon as he resolved—'I will seek her' mentally ejaculated he, 'divulge to her the exact state of my heart, require from her no plighted vow, save that of reciprocity,—leave her *ad libitum*, and set sail for the United States of America, where, if filthy lucre was ever deemed worthy of such an enterprize, under the kind auspices of a benign Providence, I trust I shall prove successful—then will I return to my native land,' uttered he exultingly, 'to share my fortune with my heart's best treasure.'

He sought out Julia, to whom he made an unreserved declaration, in language, doubtless, very like that which others have employed on similar occasions. The language of the heart is ever eloquent, and Frederick Sandford spoke none other. His suit met with no coquettish repulsion, but when he named a twelve-month's absence, the ingenuous-hearted Julia was speakingly silent. The leave taking—the tender adieus which preceded Frederick's departure, were not unworthy the confidence and mutual attachment of two highly gifted souls.

Frederick had prepared credentials, and made every essential arrangement for an early departure; he had nought to accomplish, but to take an abrupt farewell of his kind relatives, and to set sail in a packet that was immediately bound for the happy land of liberty.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Manfred opposed this hasty determination.—They suspected the cause, and their only hope was, that absence would break the charm, and dissolve the cohesive fetter.—Frederick too indigent to be a desirable match for Julia, while they deemed him worthy a lady of fortune. The soul of Mrs. Manfred especially, did homage at the shrine of that spurious deity—the idol of gold. No matter, how talented the individual, if he had not money, he was not a suitable match for her daughter. With her, as with many others, opulence preponderated when balanced with every other endowment. But we find that 'all is not gold that glitters,' nor is all gold so pure and refined, but it may be tried in the furnace of calamity. There is no calculating on riches.—It has too many pinions ever unfurled. The wheel of fortune may to-day be at its greatest altitude—to-morrow, perchance at its lowest. Since then a state of sublunary affairs is so very, very, precarious, it would be well methinks for man to bestow less regard, and less care on so fleeting a treasure, and, lay up with diligence, more valuable gain in another more certain and blissful region.

For some weeks after Frederick Sandford's departure, Julia remained spiritless; but at length a welcome letter arrived which cheered her despond-

ency. It was from Frederick, superscribed to her father's care, stating to her his safe arrival at New-York, and his pleasant commercial anticipations.

This reconciled her to the separation, and caused her to regain her wonted elasticity of spirits, and to appear once more the lovely, amiable, Julia Manfred, the delight of every spectator. Her marvellous beauty very soon attracted the admiration of a gentleman of fortune, in the wane of years, and who was now extremely desirous of settling himself in life. He was one of the papilionaceous tribe, that had in youth, fluttered from flower to flower, regardless of aught save the fascination of a beautiful exterior. In personal appearance he was the complete antithesis to Frederick, being five feet five only in his boots, which were considerably elevated by immense heels—at the same time, proportionably broad and bulky. The outline chiselling of this human portraiture was irregular, and without absolutely amounting to deformity, disagreeably ugly. A pair of piquant grey optics, continually essayed to peer above his fiery cheeks, that jutted out over the neck, somewhat like unto a promontory, plainly evincing to the mind of the spectator, that the parotid, submaxillary, and sublingual glands had ever most faithfully and skillfully performed their offices of introducing their ratio of fluid for digestion, which aided by a double row of mighty grinders, performing admirably their duties of mastication, had most successfully chased away that *incubus*, which so frequently, and formidably attacks the sedentary, the studious and the sentimental.—His mental energies were far inferior to his delectable figure—he was imbecile in judgment in every thing, save the momentous selection of a wife—on that subject one could have supposed he had consulted Pallas in the form of Mentor, since the choice fell on the lovely Julia Manfred. He thought with Erasmus without having read him, (for instinct exercised a most powerful sway) that 'a wife is the sweet companion of one's youth, and the pleasant solace of one's old age.' This formidable personage was moreover a prater, as all those are, who are wise in their own conceits. He talked without cessation longer than he had auditors to listen, and supplied the deficiency of thought, by the garrulity of his temperament—linguadental severities, he had none; though his constant aim was phillipic—but he ever failed in his attack. Egotism was displayed, whenever that important little pronoun self, could be advantageously inserted. These qualities, with the embellishment of witticisms, and badly made puns, gave a finishing touch to his most truly edifying discourse—His own sex shunned him, and nought but the magnetic influence of metallic attraction, proved a passport to the affections of the softer part of creation.—By this palpable desertion, he imagined himself the *Gladium Igneum*, or fiery sword, that protected the garden of Paradise, for so he denominated his lady-love, Julia, when in fact, his vanity was none other than an *Ignis Fatuus* to himself, leading him into a variety of boggs and quicksands.

Self-knowledge is the most difficult of all attainments; but it would have been a more irksome task for him to acquire, (had he even made the effort) than for any other human being. He might have studied Mason for ever, without the least effect, vanity had become so completely interwoven with his existence. The reader then, will not be lost in amazement, at hearing, that the assiduous and urgent devoir of such a being repugnant to the refined feelings, and delicate sensibility of the faithful bride elect of Frederick Sandford.

Several months had now elapsed, since Julia had received a reply to her two last epistles—not a single line arrived to say she was remembered. At length she became pensive and abstracted in mind.—Still urged by her friends to accept the man of opulence, she became wearied of the world, and every body in it. A distaste for all its gaieties imperceptibly crept over her, absorbed every mental faculty, and totally unfitted her for the enjoyment of society—she silently longed for the return of summer, the season of tranquillity, when in the bosom of nature, she could visit its sequestered groves; there meditate at the fairy hour of twilight, when both celestial and terrestrial objects assume fantastic shapes, so pleasing in their romance to the child of fancy—when contemplation with her amulet coronal, encircles the intellectual brow, and playful imagination is wont to metamorphose the gorgeousness of sunset, into a discrepancy of grotesque appearances, and call to mind the outline of some famous ballad, perused in childhood. Here we behold a castle stormed in feudal times—lovers elopements—turrets and domes rear their lofty pinnacles, while golden fleeces, or chains of topaz, overhang mountains, on the brow of which, mighty volcanoes, with their fiery craters burst forth;—these ideal spectacles fill the mind with various contending emotions. Then from the discord of earth, one soars aloft to celestial realms, and there beholds angels arrayed for terrific combat,—the expulsion of the arch fiend ensues,—he 'falls like Lucifer, never to rise again.' The scene, then changes to earth, we behold again through the vista of fancy, the seduction of our first parents accomplished by that subtle tempter. Then the sweet hope of their redemption closes the scene. All this in quick succession is rapidly borne on the fitful breeze of the imagination, leading it thus from things created, to Creative Wisdom. Such were the reflections so ardently desired by the fair and virtuous Julia, reflections that had often been indulged, and shared by her no less worthy cousin, when, on the preceding summer, they had strolled *en campagne* through the Regent's Park, a spot so fraught with the combined novelties of the rural picturesque and architectural, where the eye can roam over turf and lawn, and see so romantically intermingled with lake and wood, and grove, the English cottage, thatched with straw, and the Palladian Villa. These, with their encompassing sub-urban terraces that rear their mighty piles, composed of the various orders of architecture, and the canal that appears in graceful Venitian beauty, throw a magical delusion over this graphic spot, particularly when the queen of night, from her silvery chariot, casts over the scene her soft magical beams, exhibiting indiscriminate light and shade,—creating aerial forms—by day invisible,—so enchantingly beautiful are the prospects of the Regent's Park.

The heart lost in devout meditation, soars to realms above, and becomes ameliorated and refined by celestial intercourse. And such was Julia Manfred's, at the opening of our tale. Hitherto, she had resisted the pleas and entreaties of her kind, though misjudging parents, who verily thought a splendid matrimonial settlement, the supremest earthly blessing she could enjoy.

Just at this time a masquerade came on the tapis, where it was presumed that Lords, Knights, Counts, and even Dukes, would appear in a diversity of guises, and at which it was ardently hoped that Julia would perform marvellous feats of conquests, especially as her waltzing powers were to be brought into requisition. But the artless Julia was too reckless

of fashionable renown to disregard the sacred admonitions of her worthy cousin. Frederick had ever most vehemently opposed waltzing on the basis of principle, and she had most solemnly promised never to disoblige him on that point. Naturally quiescent in her temperament, with regard to flippant concerns, though resolute and firm, when momentous ones appeared, she yielded to the solicitations of her parents to attend the masquerade.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNSEL FEE.

A gentleman related to us, a few days since, the following amusing anecdote: A countryman called upon a distinguished counsellor, to ask of him legal advice. After a brief conversation, in which points of law were raised and settled, the countryman thanked his adviser, and was about to leave the office. As he was going out, the counsellor called to him, 'My friend, it is customary to charge a small fee for advice.' The client instantly thrust his hand in his pocket, and, turning round, inquired how much he was to pay, 'five dollars.' 'Five dollars!' said the astonished countryman, starting back with utter amazement, and drawing quickly his hand from his pocket, 'What! five dollars! do you pretend to charge five dollars for that leetle talk you and I had jist now together?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I never charge less than five dollars as a counsel fee.' 'What! five dollars for our leetle talk together?' again exclaimed the amazed countryman, retreating at the same time towards the door—'And do you really charge five dollars for that leetle talk?' 'Yes,' replied the counsellor. 'Well then,' says the countryman, snapping his fingers, 'you may whistle for your pay;' and immediately darted into the street and disappeared, to the great amusement of the lawyer, who always considered it the best counsel fee he ever charged, not to say received.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From a sermon of the Rev. Joseph Francis.

'Let this idea dwell in our minds, that our duties to God and our duties to men, are not distinct and independent duties, but are involved in each other; that devotion and virtue are not different things, but the same thing; either in different stages or different stations, in different points of progress or circumstances of situations—What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its initiatory and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy; the virtue which, after a time it produces, is devotion in its maturity; the contemplation of Deity is a devotion at rest; the execution of his commands is devotion in action. Praise is religion in the temple, or in the closet; industry from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop or field; commercial integrity is religion in the mart; the communication of consolation is religion in the chamber of sickness; paternal instruction is religion at the hearth; judicial is religion on the bench; patriotism is religion in the public councils.

An Irish Lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor. During his absence at sea, his wife had married again, and he was resolved to prosecute her; coming to advise with his counsellor, he was told that he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. 'Arrah, by my shoal, but that will be impossible,'

said the other; 'for my shipmates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return this twelve-month.'—'Oh! then,' answered the lawyer, 'there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is, that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive.'

How to be Safe.—'Doctor,' said Esq. —, about five years ago, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of Temperance, whom ill health had obliged him to consult—'Doctor, do you think that a *little spirits*, now and then would hurt me very much?' 'Why no Sir, answered the Doctor, very deliberately; 'I do not know that a *little now and then*—would hurt you *very much*; but, Sir, if you don't take *any*, it won't hurt you *AT ALL*.'

When fashions are worn out in Paris the milliners send their antiquated articles to the North; that is to Sweden and Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandise, says a London paper, was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day, a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large cod-fish, with muslin handkerchiefs round their necks. The sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste, and hardly was there a fish, that did not display some of the freshest Parisian fashions that had ever visited the North.

A high-born Pig.—In the course of the searches in Edinburgh for those unclean animals the swine, which were found to pollute the air and endanger the health of the two legged adjoining inhabitants, a very stately sow was discovered in a house some six or seven stories up, belonging to and possessed by a 'boy of the Emerald Isle.' The size of the beast surprised the visiting gentleman, and really threatened hazard to the flooring. 'Tell me' says he, 'how did you contrive to get this great beast up stairs?' 'Aye, and I can do that aisily,' quoth Pat, 'for he's never been down yet!'

A justice of the peace, seeing a parson on a stately horse, between London and Humpstead, 'Doctor,' said he, 'you don't follow the example of our great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an *ass*.'—'Why, really sir,' replied the parson, 'the king has made so many *asses justices*, that an honest clergyman can hardly find *one* to ride.'

The influence of true religion is mild and soft, and noiseless and constant as the descent of evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues—not rattling as a summer shower, rooting up the fairest flower, and washing away the richest mould in the pleasant garden of society.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, 'Doctor your gown is your protection.'—replied 'Though it may be mine, it shall not be yours, and immediately pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

Irish Blunder.—Two honest soldiers of the Emerald Isle, who were walking together the other day in the streets of London, accidentally glanced at the following notice, exhibited from the shop window

of a seal engraver, to this effect, viz. 'Arms found;' when one of them instantly exclaimed to the other, 'Arrah! by my stars, honey, and is this not rare news for Pat?—I will just now call in and bother him to find me my bit of a leg that I lost, you know, more than eight years since at the Battle of Waterloo!'

Heroism and filial affection.—In the course of the last winter, five Dutch gentlemen set out from Rotterdam to travel on skates to Amsterdam. They had passed over about twelve miles of waste of inland waters, which extends between the two cities, and were, with the exception of one of the party who kept apart, skating with great velocity, in close files, and hands linked in the Dutch manner, and were striking out far from the shore, when at once, the whole file was precipitated thro' the ice, and two out of the four were hardly seen to rise again. The other two were father and son, both remarkably fine men, and the father an expert swimmer, which enabled him to support himself, and son too, for a considerable time, during which he was so collected as to give directions to the only one of the party, who had not fallen in, how he should conduct himself to afford assistance; but at length he gave utterance to the thought that his son's continuing to hold on to him, would be the death of both. The son immediately kissed his father, and, with the familiar and endeared expression he was accustomed to, bade him 'good night,' loosed his hold, and deliberately resigned himself to death. The father lives, and the name, at least, of Henry Hock, the son, must live also.—*Liv. Cour.*

An English officer being quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, as they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted; not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning our oratrix began—'Oh, my lady, success to your ladyship, and success to your honor's honor, this morning, of all the days in the year, for sure did I not *dream* last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honor gave me a pound of tobacco?'—'But, my good woman,' said the general, 'don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?'—'Do they so?' replied the old woman, 'then it must *mean*, that your honor will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco.'

A Printer, whose talents were but indifferent turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. 'In printing,' answered he, 'all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily.'

Lord Mansfield had discharged a coachman whom he suspected of having embezzled his corn. A short time afterwards, he received a letter from a merchant in the city, requesting a character of the dismissed servant.—His lordship accordingly wrote an answer, that he was a very sober man, and an excellent coachman, but that he believed he had cheated him. Some time after this, going to Caenwood, his lordship met his old coachman who accosted him, expressing himself glad to see him in such good health, and thanked him for the character he had given him, in consequence of which he had got an excellent place.—'Your lordship,' he said, 'has been pleased to say I was a sober

man, and a good coachman, but that you believed I had cheated you; my master observed, that if I answered the two first descriptions, the last he thought little of, for he did not think the devil himself could cheat your lordship.'

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, the *lobsters* stretching out of the water *red*, having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked, how he could justify his representing the lobsters as *boiled*, he extricated himself by observing, 'that the miracle was the greater.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1832.

Flora's Interpreter.—This is the title of a pleasing little work from the pen of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, just published by Marsh, Copen & Lyon, Boston. It is dedicated to the youth of America, and consists of choice sentiments selected with taste and judgment from the works of our best poets.

The Shrine.—This is a new and handsome periodical conducted by a few of the undergraduates of Amherst College. It is published monthly, and the numbers already issued contain some excellent articles.

Temperance Papers.—We have received a few numbers of a paper, devoted to the cause of Temperance, published in the city of Albany; and also the first number of one just commenced in Hartford, Ct. in support of the same good cause. We wish them success—may they go on their way rejoicing.

☞ The communication of Thornton is received.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending August 8th.

J. Lewis, P. M. Henrietta, N. Y. \$4; J. Allen, Stonbridge, Ms. \$1; E. Stoddard, New York, \$1; N. H. Ellenwood, Athol, Ms. \$1; J. G. Williams, Deerfield, Ms. \$5; J. Hawks, Sterling, N. Y. \$1; W. Stickland, East Otis, Ms. \$1; G. Sanford, Winsted, Ct. \$1; H. S. Hall, Spencer, N. Y. \$1; C. Willis, Bern, N. Y. \$1; C. E. Seymour, Troy, N. Y. \$1; H. Stockbridge, Jun. Blackstone, Ms. \$1; H. Loop, Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1; G. S. Bailey, East Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1; T. Olin, Perry Centre, N. Y. \$1; C. S. Willard, Catskill, N. Y. \$6; C. B. Chrysler, Osnabrock, U. C. \$1.62; A. Frank, Strykersville, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

In the Connecticut State Prison, there has been but one death in two years, and not one for 16 months; the average number of convicts being 120.

The Schenectady, N. Y. Cabinet of Wednesday, says:—'A Rail Road Car arrived in this city yesterday, in one hour and fifty-five minutes from Saratoga Springs—22 miles.'

In order to promote the cause of Temperance in the American Colony at Liberia, the importation of ardent spirits is only allowed under a heavy duty, and the expense of a licence to retail is so high as to amount to a prohibition.

White Washing.—A gentleman has informed us that a pint of Varnish mixed with a bucket of white-wash, will give it in a great degree the quality of paint—and that it will withstand all kinds of weather. As this is the season of white washing, a knowledge of the above may be of some use to our readers.—*Miner's Journal.*

Lafayette has given orders to his agent to sell his land in Florida, to persons only who will cultivate it without the use of slaves.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Mr. George Roberts, to Miss Deborah Graves, both of this city.

On Sunday the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Moses Cox, of West Point, to Miss Julia Ann Howard, of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 4th inst. Samuel Gamage, in the 82d year of his age.

On Sunday the 28th ult. Mrs. Ruth Whitney, in the 2d year of her age, formerly a native of Derby, Conn.

On Monday last, Mr. Elizabeth Winslow, consort of Mr. Leonard Winslow, aged 46 years.

In Athens, on Tuesday last, Mr. Richard Poulton, aged 61 years.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A DREAM.

In pensive mood I went to rest,
 With various conflicts in my breast;
 Nor had I long Morpheus wooed,
 When 'fore my eyes—this vision stood:
 Methought I stood on mountain high,
 Perched far aloft, 'twixt earth and sky;
 I saw the Heavens with azure glow,
 And saw the homes of men below;—
 I saw the forked lightning flash,
 And heard the thunder's fearful crash;
 I saw the earthquake's awful path,
 And heard the angry whirlwind's breath;
 I saw the dreadful tempest scowl,
 And saw the raging billows roll;
 I saw the waves tossed to and fro—
 And was God there? I answer, no!
 I saw contending armies slain,
 Their bloody corpses strewed the plain;
 I heard the wounded's stifles groan,
 The dying soldier's orphan's moan;
 I saw the print of famine's hand,
 The dreadful plague in every land,
 Saw awful scenes of grief and woe,
 And was God there? I answer, no!
 I saw the gentle rivulet flow,
 And saw the works of nature grow;
 I saw the sunshine, beaming bright,
 The moon, that beauteous orb of night;
 I heard low breathed the fervent prayer,
 I saw the penitential tear,
 I heard sweet songs of Heavenly bliss—
 And was God there? I answer, Yes!

JUVENILE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TWENTY YEARS.

BY THOMAS HAINES BAILEY.

They tell me twenty years are past
 Since I have looked upon thee last,
 And thought thee fairest of the fair,
 With thy sylph-like form and light brown hair!
 I can remember every word
 That from those smiling lips I heard:
 Oh! how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years!
 Thou art changed! in thee I find
 Beauty of another kind;
 Those rich curls lid on the brow
 In a darker cluster now,
 And the sylph hath given place
 To the matron's form of grace:—
 Yet how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years;
 Still thy cheek is round and fair;
 'Mid thy curls not one gray hair;
 Not one lurking sorrow lies
 In the lustre of those eyes:
 Thou hast felt, since last we met,
 No affliction, no regret!
 Wonderful! to shed no tears
 In the lapse of twenty years!
 But what means that changing brow?
 Tears are in those dark eyes now!
 Have my rash, incautious words
 Wakened Feeling's slumbering chords?
 Wherefore dost thou bid me look
 At yon dark-bound journal-book?—
 There the register appears
 Of the lapse of twenty years!
 Thou hast been a happy bride,
 Kneeling by a lover's side;

And unclouded was thy life,
 As his loved and loving wife:
 Thou hast worn the garb of gloom,
 Kneeling by thy husband's tomb:
 Thou hast wept a widow's tears
 In the lapse of twenty years!
 Oh! I see my error now,
 To suppose, in cheek and brow,
 Strangers may presume to find
 Treasured secrets of the mind:
 There fond Memory still will keep
 Her vigil, when she seems to sleep;
 Though composure re-appears
 In the lapse of twenty years!
 Where's the hope that can abate
 The grief of hearts thus desolate?
 That can Youth's keenest pangs assuage,
 And mitigate the gloom of Age?
 Religion bids the tempest cease,
 And leads her to a port of peace;
 And on, the lonely pilot steers
 Through the lapse of future years!

THE BEACON LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
 And still the hulk drove on;
 No sail to answer to the breeze,
 Her masts and cordage gone:
 Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
 Each looked but for a grave—
 When full in sight, the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave!
 Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
 Of all the hardy crew:
 Boldly they put the helm about,
 And through the surf they flew:
 Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
 And loud the cheer they gave—
 As full in sight, the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave!
 And gaily of the tale they told,
 When they were safe on shore,
 How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
 Amid the billow's roar—
 That not a star had shone afar,
 By its pale beam to save—
 When full in sight the beacon-light
 Came streaming o'er the wave!
 Thus in the night of nature's gloom,
 When sorrow bows the heart,
 When cheering hopes no more illumine,
 And transports all depart—
 Then from afar, there shines a star,
 With joyous light to save;
 And full in sight, its beacon-light
 Comes streaming o'er the wave!

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

PUZZLE I.—Silence.

PUZZLE II.—Because they are for working people.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What is the chief end of man?

II.

What is the chief end of woman?

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
 Tudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance.
 Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS, shall receive Six Copies.
 The volume will be embellished with Copperplate Engravings, and
 a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.
 All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive
 attention.